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Showing

by twilight_shades

Summary

Sequel to Held. There's another banshee in town and she seems fixated on Hannibal. Hannibal's intrigued, but Will thinks Hannibal might be playing with fire. Somebody's probably going to get burned… or braised.

Notes

Not entirely sure where this came from. I guess I just wondered what would happen if Clarice Starling turned up.

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See the end of the work for more notes

Will runs his right thumb over the skin of his left wrist. The skin of his wrists where the iron had touched it is much more sensitive than it used to be, especially to temperature, and he wonders when or if that will go away. Though sensitive, both wrists are completely healed, but there's a slight bit of a scar along the side of his left wrist. It could be worse, his mother had had a terrible one from where an iron hook had pierced her leg by her Achilles tendon. He'd been too young to form many memories about her, so mostly he just has impressions, but that scar, he remembers very well. He does also remember wailing for her. Will has a few other scars, not many. He actually has a faint one from Hannibal as he slowed his healing so much while in the hospital. He doesn't have any from Dolarhyde, though.

He's startled out of his musings by someone jostling the table and his glass of water. He looks up and meets the eyes of Clarice Starling. She murmurs her apologies and he waves them away and offers a polite smile. She moves past the table. He gets the notion that she wanted him to know she was there. She hasn't done anything wrong and there hasn't been even a whisper of a hint that she's planning to do anything, but still he's troubled by her presence in the town. He finds it a bit unusual for another American banshee to be in the same small town in Scotland. Banshees aren't territorial by nature, like some other beings, so several in the same geographic region isn't odd or anything, and yet she seems so close. Part of that may be her focus on Hannibal, though. It's almost palpable when they're in the same place. Hannibal isn't bothered by it, in fact, he's curious and maybe a little flattered. Will doesn't know why he's concerned about it. Maybe it's lingering paranoia from his encounters with others connected to Hannibal. If Will thought it was just infatuation (and he's pretty sure that's part of it), that would be one thing, but it feels like there's a lot more to it.

Hannibal is not concerned and seems to be encouraging her regard. Will thinks Hannibal just likes the attention. It is gratifying to be appreciated. Will's not exactly one for heaping praises. And maybe Will isn't as fascinating, now that Hannibal's come to know him better. Of course, Will's never really thought of himself as someone who could be fascinating. He has his talents, his skills, he is even singular in a couple of areas, but he also has many flaws and a rather warped sense of humor that often colors his approach to things. Will wonders if Hannibal still feels the same way about Will. The fascination made Will wary, but being precious to someone, well, that's nice.

Hannibal comes into the restaurant and smiles at Will, already sitting at their table. Will gives him a half-smile back. Then Hannibal looks beyond Will and his eyes go a little sharper, but he keeps the smile. Will's pretty sure Hannibal's looking at Clarice Starling. Will looks down at the table. Hannibal settles in across from him. They talk a bit and place their orders. Hannibal keeps up with the conversation, but is distracted. Will picks at his food when it comes.

"Is something wrong?" Hannibal asks, a faint frown on his face.

"I just don't have much of an appetite today."

"Are feeling well?"

"Not really."

Hannibal's full attention is finally on Will. "Are you ill?"

Will doesn't really want the attention right now. "No, just something I don't like to think about."

"What troubles you? Tell me, perhaps I can help."

"It's not that important. I think I'm going to leave early, though. Sorry."

"Are you sure, Will? Shall I walk you back? "

"No, stay, finish your meal. I would hate to send you out in the world hungry," Will says wryly.

Hannibal gives him a speaking look.

Will excuses himself and leaves. He doesn't look behind him.

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Will's in the grocery shop wandering around. He catches a flash of movement out of the corner of his eye. He walks down the next aisle and there's movement down at the end. He's being followed. He picks something off the shelf. It's some sort of fish paste, he grimaces and puts it back. He walks over the next aisle slowly and then hurries down it and ducks around the end. Clarice Starling comes out of the aisle looking around.

"Hello, Ms. Starling."

She jumps a bit. "Oh, Mr. Graham, I've told you to call me Clarice."

"I don't think we know each other that well, yet. Was there something you needed from me?"

"I actually want to talk to you."

"Okay."

"Maybe somewhere with a little more privacy. I came in here when I saw you, hoping to catch you. I didn't know where you lived."

While that's possible, Will gets the impression that she's lying, but he has no idea why. "There's a church up the street. It has a small cemetery in the churchyard that not many people visit."

"A cemetery? How appropriate," Starling says, looking amused.

Will shrugs.

"Were you going to get something?"

"Can't remember what I came in for," he says a little ruefully.
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They head up the street silently. They go into the churchyard and then the cemetery within it. Will finds cemeteries peaceful, but they tend to make him restive afterwards, so he only goes every so often. Starling studies him for a moment and says, “I wanted to know if you knew what Dr. Lecter was, what he is.”

Will is really taken aback. “Yes, I know.”

“Are you sure?”

“I know exactly what Hannibal is, and was. Trust me, I know,” Will says drolly, almost laughing at her assumption of his naiveté.

“But you aren’t afraid he’s using you?”

Will looks at her in confusion. “I’m sorry, I don’t understand.”

“Your position, you’re very highly regarded by several Councils. You don’t think your association with him makes the Councils more tolerant of his proclivities?”

“Hannibal has his own deals with the Councils.”

“But if he pushes those boundaries, wouldn’t the Councils take his connection to you into account? I think they would and I think Dr. Lecter knows that.”

Will studies her for a moment. “Hmm. I thank you for your concern Ms. Starling. You’ve given me something to think about.”

“Just looking out for a fellow banshee.”

Will nods and leaves the cemetery.

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Starling nods to Will as they pass each other. He’s almost to Hannibal’s so it’s pretty obvious where she’s coming from. He knocks on Hannibal’s door. Hannibal opens the door and smiles at Will before ushering him in.

“What are doing?” Will asks.

Hannibal raises his eyebrows in question.

“Clarice Starling.”

“An interesting woman, isn’t she? She’s asked my assistance to help her track down a mothman she’s looking for in America. It is lovely to be considered knowledgeable about something when I so often find myself less conversant with the supernatural than those around me.”

“A mothman.”
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“Oh, yes, I dealt with a mothman for the Central East Coast Numinous Council before I found you. It was a very messy business, so I decided it wasn’t a story that you needed to hear.”

“Yes, I can see why, because I’ve never dealt with any messy situations myself,” Will deadpans.

Hannibal dips his head a little in acknowledgement of the point.

“I know you like games, but you might be playing a dangerous one. Starling isn’t here about a mothman. I have little doubt there is a mothman and that she’s chasing it down and that she would use anything she learned from you, but that’s not why she came over to Scotland. She came over here for you and I don’t know why. Maybe she’s an admirer of yours – the Ripper or your… palate. Maybe she’s curious about wendigos. Or maybe she wants revenge for something. But you don’t know.”

“Really, Will, how do you know she isn’t here for exactly what she says she is?” Hannibal asks mildly.

“How many beings do you think have experience tracking mothmen? Do you think you’re the only one?”

“Probably not, no.”

“Do you think you’ve had the most experience at it?”

“No.”

“Do you think there were any of those beings closer to where she was than here?”

“Very well, Will, I will admit that these questions had occurred to me and that I did think that it might be something of an excuse for her to see me. It is rather pleasant to think someone would go to the trouble of establishing such a thing in order to have a viable reason to contact me.”

Will looks at him keenly. “You don’t care why she’s here, do you? I mean, you care insomuch as you’d like to have the information so you can better predict her, but part of the fun for you is figuring it out, whether it’s innocuous or not. And you think it’s not, don’t you? Somehow I’d forgotten how much you like dangerous games. And if she is here to cause you some kind of harm, so much the better when you triumph over her, either by convincing her that you’re not so terrible or eating her.”

Hannibal smiles. “I believe that Clarice is very ready to be convinced and will come around. After all, you did.”

Well, Will supposes that answers any questions about how special he is to Hannibal. It’s shocking to Will how much it stings. “That I did,” Will allows. “I should go.”

“But you just got here.”

“Hmm. I wanted to tell you that I’ll be away for a couple of days, doing something for the Council.” They had asked him earlier in the week and he had planned on discussing it with Hannibal, but now he thinks he’ll just go, get away for a while.

“May I be of any assistance?”

“Nothing I can’t handle.”

“I’m sure that’s true, but I’m always willing to lend a hand or an ear.”

“Yours or someone else’s?” Will asks dryly.

Hannibal laughs. “Whichever you require.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“Very well.”

“Goodbye, Hannibal.”

“Until we meet again.”

Will pauses before opening the door. “I hope your game… turns out well, I guess. But, Hannibal, even the best players sometimes lose.”

“I appreciate your concern and I will be cautious.”

Will nods and leaves, pretty sure Hannibal won’t be.

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Will is almost home after two days of dealing with kobolds. Kobolds are so damn irritating, but much easier to deal with than the new poltergeist the Council had suspected. Will did have to negotiate with them five times before they accepted his offering of food and agreed to find a less conspicuous venue, but that’s much better than the expected dozen. He’s tired, not only from dealing with the kobolds, but he’d been plagued with vague dreams of a woman he didn’t recognize. As he draws nearer to Fort William, he feels like something is wrong. It’s not death he feels, just something off. He hasn’t heard from Hannibal in the past two days. Though it was a little unusual, especially since Will hadn’t given any specifics about the Council’s request, Will had thought it was just another inevitability stemming from Hannibal’s declining interest. Now, he wonders if maybe the game had escalated while he’d been gone.

Will heads straight to Hannibal’s place, when he gets into town. Hannibal doesn’t respond to his knocking and the door is unlocked when he tries it. Will calls out, but gets no answer. Even though Hannibal’s place is as orderly as it usually is, Will can’t shake the feeling that something is wrong. Hannibal could have stepped out for a moment, but Will doesn’t think so. Hannibal’s not dead, Will would feel that. The question is, how is Will going to find him? Finding Clarice Starling seems like the answer. Will, like many other supernatural beings, often has a sense of other supernatural beings when they’re close enough, especially other
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banshees, but that's unlikely to help until he gets in near enough proximity. However, Will's banshee senses are quite potent when fully engaged and Starling probably wouldn't have gone that far.

Will walks outside and closes the door behind him. He opens his senses up, doesn't think, just walks. He's slightly distracted by the bodies in a nearby mortuary and a man who has just died in the hospital. He lets them slide away and keeps walking. He finds himself at the entrance to a cave. Starling and Hannibal are both in there. He walks in, unsure what he'll find.

There are several lanterns as he walks along the passage which is maybe seven feet high and four feet across. There's a bend and as he rounds it, the cave opens up to a large cavern. There are many lanterns providing light. Hannibal is on the ground, tied up with rope. He doesn't look conscious, but he doesn't look wounded either. Rope seems an odd choice to hold a wendigo. He steps closer.

"What are you doing here?" Starling's voice asks.

Will looks around until he spies her in the shadows where she was apparently watching Hannibal. "I was looking for Hannibal," he says calmly.

She steps into the light. She's holding a bone knife, likely enchanted. "You left. You only stayed at his place a few minutes and then you left town. I thought you saw that he was using you. You said you did."

"Is that what I said?"

"You- No. You said I'd given you something to think about. You didn't mean Dr. Lecter, did you?"

"No. I thought you were doing your damnedest to come between the two of us. You know, I thought it was possible you might have some malicious intent for seeking him out, but that, you coming to me, I thought was just because you wanted him and wanted me out of the way."

"I don't want him."

Will huffs out a laugh. "No, you don't want to want him. That's a different thing. You find yourself attracted to him against your will. I'm very familiar with the phenomenon."

"I don't-"

"You were actually trying to isolate him completely. Make sure no one would help him, rescue him. You came here after him for some reason. Did he kill someone you know? Are you here to punish him? Imprison him? Execute him?"

"Maybe."

"Are you going to kill me, too?"

“No, of course not.”

“Well, I’m not going to let you kill him without a good reason.”

“Miriam Lass,” Starling says, her voice full of emotion.

“He killed her?”

“I believe he did. She was helping investigate the Ripper when she disappeared. He knew who she was. She had met him several times. I thought when he was caught, that was it. But he escaped. And then I found out that he’d become a wendigo and the Council had just let him go.”

“So you’ve had him here, for a while I think. At your mercy, tied up with, what, Kukulkan sisal?”

Starling nods.

“Very resourceful. Rope that can supposedly hold any creature. Thought that was very rare and well-guarded.”

“I was very motivated.”

“So, what is it you’re waiting for?”

“Answers. He’s been out longer than I’d intended, but I will get my answers, I need to know. How she died. How he killed her. What exactly he did with her remains.”

“She didn’t,” Hannibal says.

Will and Starling both snap their heads around to look at a now awake Hannibal. “She didn’t what?” Will asks.

“Die.”

“So, she just disappeared and hasn’t been seen or heard from since? And it’s just a coincidence that she was investigating you at the time?” Starling asks disbelievingly.

“Not a coincidence. I got her out of the country.”

“What?” Starling asks.

“You were right, she was close, but she hadn’t quite connected me to the Ripper. And I had plans for when she did, though they didn’t include killing her, believe it or not. Unfortunately, she stumbled onto another serial killer, Abel Gideon, and he became obsessed with her. She met with me to talk about him. The situation turned volatile and I helped her escape his grasp. She’s been living in hiding since then, unable to contact anyone from her past in case it puts them in Gideon’s path,” Hannibal says matter-of-factly.

“You expect me to believe that?”

“It’s true. You have my phone?”

Starling nods and pulls out a phone.

“Turn it on. Call Mrs. Miller, in my contacts. Hang up after three rings. Call again. Hang up after two rings. Then call again,” Hannibal says.

Starling stares at the phone, then studies Hannibal, she finally looks at Will in question. “Could this be true? It seems so improbable.”

Will shrugs. “A lot of things about Hannibal are improbable.”

Starling calls as Hannibal had instructed. On the third call, she gasps. “Miriam?” she asks, her voice shaking. There’s a pause, then Starling says, “Yes, it’s Clarice. Just a minute,” she goes over to Hannibal and holds the phone up to his face. “Tell Miriam it’s okay,” Starling orders.

Hannibal lifts an eyebrow, but says into the phone, “Hello, Miriam.” He pauses. “Yes, she tracked me down, went to a great deal of effort to do so. I do not think Gideon will be able to connect this to you, so I think you can talk safely for a bit.”

Starling takes the phone away and walks away from Hannibal, past Will and around the bend, going further until her voice is an indistinct murmur.

Will walks over to Hannibal and crouches down.

“Is this the point where you say I told you so?” Hannibal asks.

“Well, she’s not going to kill you now.”

“She still outmaneuvered me and could have killed me.”

“True. I told you so,” Will says mockingly.

“Darling Will, I should have listened to you.”

“Yes, you should have.” Will starts untying Hannibal. He can feel the power in the rope as the knots come free. Once he unravels Hannibal, he puts the rope over on the far side of the cavern.

Hannibal stands up and dusts himself off. He reaches for Will, but Will ducks away. Hannibal eyes him with a faint frown.

“Are you going to kill her?” Will asks.

Hannibal considers for a long moment. “I think not. After all, she did win.”

Will nods. “So, you saved Miriam Lass.”

“I did.”

“You did it to thwart Gideon, didn’t you? You thought he was encroaching.”

“I did,” Hannibal says with a smile. “Sometimes it’s almost like you can read my thoughts.”

“I really can’t,” Will sighs. “I just got back into town and I want to go home.”

Hannibal is frowning again, heavier this time. “You should. I have things to discuss with Clarice. I will call you later.”

“Sure.”

Will leaves, passing Starling, who doesn’t even seem to notice him as she talks on the phone.

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Will honestly misses the first call from Hannibal. The second call comes as Will is rushing out the door and he’s not sad for an excuse to keep it short. Will doesn’t really know why Hannibal is bothering.

Clarice Starling comes to by to apologize to him on her way out of town. He accepts her apology. He tells her that her mothman (Will had checked to see if it actually existed) will be somewhere near where two rivers meet and will likely be in an abandoned property with a well. That, along with the generally known fact that mothmen like bridges over running water, and specifically, they like to cause issues with those bridges, might give her a lead when there’s a sighting or a report. Will tells her that it’s likely the mothman’s latest victim, Catherine Martin, is still alive and will be until the new moon, pretty sure the mothman is waiting for it to ritually skin her. Starling thanks him and leaves. Will cannot fathom why the mothman chose someone so prominent, so likely to cause the Council to send someone after him, but thankfully, it’s not something Will needs to deal with.

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Hannibal is waiting at Will’s door when he gets back from a walk. Hannibal seems a little agitated when Will lets him in.

Will watches him move around the room, doing something that’s almost, but not quite, fidgeting. “Why don’t you just leave?” Will asks abruptly before Hannibal can bring up whatever it is that is on his mind. It’s a question that Will’s been wondering about for a while.

“Leave? I just arrived Will. Do you not want me here?”

“I meant leave Fort William, leave Scotland.”

“Why would I do that?”

“You came here for me and you’re bored with me,” Will says, grimacing, a little annoyed that Hannibal is making him spell it out.

Hannibal looks astonished. “I am not, nor have I ever been, *bored* with you. You are many things Will Graham, but boring is not one of them. Why would you suppose such a thing?”

“Isn’t that what this whole thing with Starling has been about for you? Someone more interesting for you to… play with?”

“While I will admit to finding Clarice and the little game between us intriguing, neither one was ever more so than you. The reason I was so blatant about my admiration was that I was attempting to prompt a demonstration of your feelings for me and obviously I was gravely injudicious in doing so.”

“What?” Will asks, confused.

“Our relationship has seemed somewhat one-sided at times, progressing, yes, but always with me as instigator. I wished to provoke jealousy in you. I wanted to know that you felt something for me.”

Will blinks. “You tried to kill me, sent another serial killer after me, kidnapped me, tracked me down, and moved into the town where I had moved to get away. And after all that, I didn’t kill you, I didn’t leave, and I let you make you amends, I let you in close to me. What exactly is it you’re looking for from me?”

“I suppose, from that perspective, that you have made your feelings fairly clear. And you did search me out when I had been abducted, even though I hadn’t listened to you and made you feel unimportant to me. I am sorry. It was never my intention. I do believe that I could know you for a thousand years and never be anything less than fascinated. I’m am enthralled by your mind, I am beguiled by your mettle, I am titillated by your humor, I am captivated by your eyes, I am intoxicated by your scent.”

Will stares at Hannibal. “That’s… overwhelming.”

“It’s the way I feel.”

“You know, I’m not going to make a declaration like that back,” Will says frankly.

Hannibal gives a small laugh. “I do understand that’s not your way.”

“Okay.”

Hannibal looks at him assessingly.

“What?”

“You said something about how you didn’t kill me. Do you really think you could?”

“You are a powerful being, but I know all your weaknesses, all your faults. I could kill you if I wanted to. If I thought I had to, I could set you on fire and watch you burn.”

“Will,” Hannibal says breathlessly.

Will sighs. “That was arousing to you, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. For many reasons. I know you are also a very powerful being, but you don’t outwardly show it very often. And the fact that you could and would kill me, if necessary, speaks to a strength of character and a darkness. All of those things are very attractive to me.”

“Oh, good, would hate to think something like possible death by my hand would put you off,” Will says sarcastically.

“Have you killed many beings?”

Will raises his eyebrows. “Is this dirty talk to you?”

“Will.”

“Define many.”

“More than… fifty.”

“No.”

“Have you only killed a few? Say, less than ten.”

“No.”

“Hmm. Have you ever set anyone on fire?”

“Yes.”

“Was that your worst kill?”

“No.”

Hannibal looks at Will hopefully.

Will rolls his eyes. “Chimera blood turns black and tar-like when exposed to air and it kind of smells like bile. The only way to kill them without them rising again is by ripping out their spines. It’s difficult and very messy.”

“Sounds very bothersome for you,” Hannibal says, tone diplomatic.

Will suppresses a bit of a smile. “I bet it sounds like a lovely afternoon for you.”

Hannibal inclines his head a little. “Thank you for indulging me.”

“Mm.”

“I wonder if you could indulge me further. Instead of showing it by liberties that you allow me that I probably do not deserve and actions you do not take that you probably should, could you, occasionally, show that you feel something for me by some action? Hopefully, not rescuing me from my own foolish choices again.”

Will looks at Hannibal. He considers Hannibal, him being a wendigo with ghoul heritage, how connected he is to death, though in a different way than Will. Will reaches out and takes Hannibal's hand and places it against Will's own chest, holding it there. He lets his banshee senses reach out, lets them fully extend.

"What is that?" Hannibal asks.

"The care home a couple of streets over."

Hannibal looks puzzled for a moment, before an expression of amazement takes over. "Is that, is that death? Someone died at the care home."

Will nods.

"Is that what you feel?" Hannibal asks in wonder.

"I think you're just getting an echo of what I feel. I'm not entirely sure, I've never tried to share it with anyone before."

"Oh, Will," Hannibal breathes, awed.

Will brings his senses back in and drops his hand from Hannibal's. Hannibal does not remove his own hand, but keeps it on Will's chest.

"You are extraordinary. You have, in a very literal sense, shown me how you feel. I am humbled before you, thank you for this gift."

Will's not really sure what to say to that, so he shrugs and nods.

Hannibal steps in a little closer and slowly moves his head towards Will's. He places a soft kiss on Will's lips. Will kisses back, deepening it, nipping at Hannibal. Hannibal pulls back in surprise. Will lifts his eyebrows in challenge. Hannibal smiles and moves in again. This time, the kiss is voracious, maybe even a bit of a battle. They pull back after long moments, breathing a little more heavily.

"Have you been waiting for me, Will? Waiting for this?" Hannibal asks.

"What do you mean?"

"Your response was more enthusiastic than I expected. I was moving slowly in this relationship because I thought you wanted to build up to it. You didn't try to move it forward, so I assumed a slow pace was what you preferred."

"Oh, sex. I like sex, but a lot of the time, it just doesn't take priority until it's right there. So, in a way, I guess. I would have balked, though, if you had tried for sex when you first came to Fort William."

"Ah."

"I know, it's not how most beings operate."

“You are not like most beings, so why should you conform to their norms?”

Will smiles. “Did you want to have sex now?”

“Yes, please. I may be a little zealous, stop me if I get rough.”

“I like it a little rough. And biting, I like biting.”

Hannibal’s eyes go dark and hot. “Really.”

“No actual rending of flesh, though,” Will says.

“I’ll be good.”

“We’ll see.”

Hannibal is good. Will gets covered in bite marks, for a little while anyway. Hannibal makes a disappointed sound when the first heals and disappears. Hannibal is exactly the hedonist in this that Will had idly supposed he was, reacting strongly to Will’s lightest touch. Will runs his fingertips gently over all of Hannibal’s skin, again and again, until he’s so sensitized, it takes just the slightest puff of breath for him to climax. Will’s feeling pretty content. Then, Hannibal recovers and shows Will how a type of being eaten can be very good. Will might have to reorder his priorities.

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Will’s a little early to Hannibal’s place and he wonders if he should take a walk around the block as he has the vague impression that showing up early can be just as rude as showing up late. Will’s not much for etiquette, but Hannibal’s making dinner and he does care about etiquette. Will stands near Hannibal’s doorstep, debating whether to leave and come back or not. Then the door opens and Hannibal is looking at him.

Hannibal smiles. “Will, I thought I saw you in the window. Come in.”

Will steps in. “I’m a little early, didn’t want to throw off your timing.”

“Very considerate of you. I am actually a little ahead of schedule. I had a call earlier with Miriam that I had thought would take longer than it did.”

“Is she okay?”

“She’s had to change location again, but on the whole, she is rather happier than she’s been for some time.” Hannibal ushers Will to the set dining table.

“Any particular reason you haven’t gone after Gideon, yet?”

“Oh, a multitude. But rest assured, Miriam Lass shall someday be free of him.”

“Someday, huh? That’s good, I guess. That reminds me, I heard from Clarice Starling.”
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Hannibal looks a little startled. “Did you?”

“I gave her some information and it helped her, she wanted to let me know.”

“Information?”

“About her mothman.”

“You have experience with mothmen.”

“Yes.”

“Ah, no surprise then, that her supposed purpose here caused you to speak up.”

“I have quite a reputation, but the specifics of my involvement with the Councils is not generally known to the supernatural community. It *could've* just been an oversight on her part.”

“Rather than her latching on to any excuse she could find? I really should have listened to you.”

“Yes, you should have,” Will says bluntly.

“My lovely Will, you are such a curious and interesting mix of insecurity and confidence.”

Will frowns, not sure what to say to that.

“Your information, you said it helped Clarice?” Hannibal asks.

“She caught the guy, rescued his victim.”

“Well, happy tidings all around.” Hannibal places a bowl in front of Will and puts a plate with something else at the other place setting across from Will.

Will looks at the plate questioningly as Hannibal takes his seat.

“Oh, I’m afraid what I prepared for you is not something that I can eat much of, it’s delicious, but disagrees with my system. So, I prepared something else for myself. Don’t worry, it’s no one you know.”

Will looks down at the bowl in front of him and spoons a little up, taking a cautious taste. It’s wonderful. He looks up in shock at Hannibal, who is watching closely. “Kraken?” Will asks.

“You did say it was amazing.”

“Thank you, Hannibal, but you didn’t have to go through the trouble.”

“Nonsense, it was no trouble.”

Will gives Hannibal a look.

“Very well, it was a great deal of trouble, but worth it for you.”

Will smiles and eats his kraken and doesn’t even wonder who Hannibal is eating. Much.

The End

End Notes

The mothman is who you think it is.

Let me know if you find any typos or if the format is messed up or if you think I need any tags.

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